

Precocity Pantoum

My daddy lays eggs.
Miss Kasowitz's orange hairpiece makes a great nest.
Every night he sits in the corner and clucks—
she calls my stories *lies*.

Miss Kasowitz's orange hairpiece makes a great nest—
I only snitched a few pieces.
She calls my stories *lies*
but Johnny Pernaccio knows the secret.

I only snitched a few pieces
when she wasn't looking,
but Johnny Pernaccio knows the secret—
I showed him the eggs

when she wasn't looking.
Hiding in the coatroom, peering out from my jacket
I showed him the eggs—
there are always two—white or brown,

hiding in the coatroom, peering out from my jacket,
warm from my daddy's touch.
There are always two—white or brown—
I cradle them in my palm,

warm from my daddy's touch,
while I hold my breath.
I cradle them in my palm;
fragile shells glisten with orange fluff.

While I hold my breath,
every night he sits in the corner and clucks.
Fragile shells glisten with orange fluff;
my daddy lays eggs.